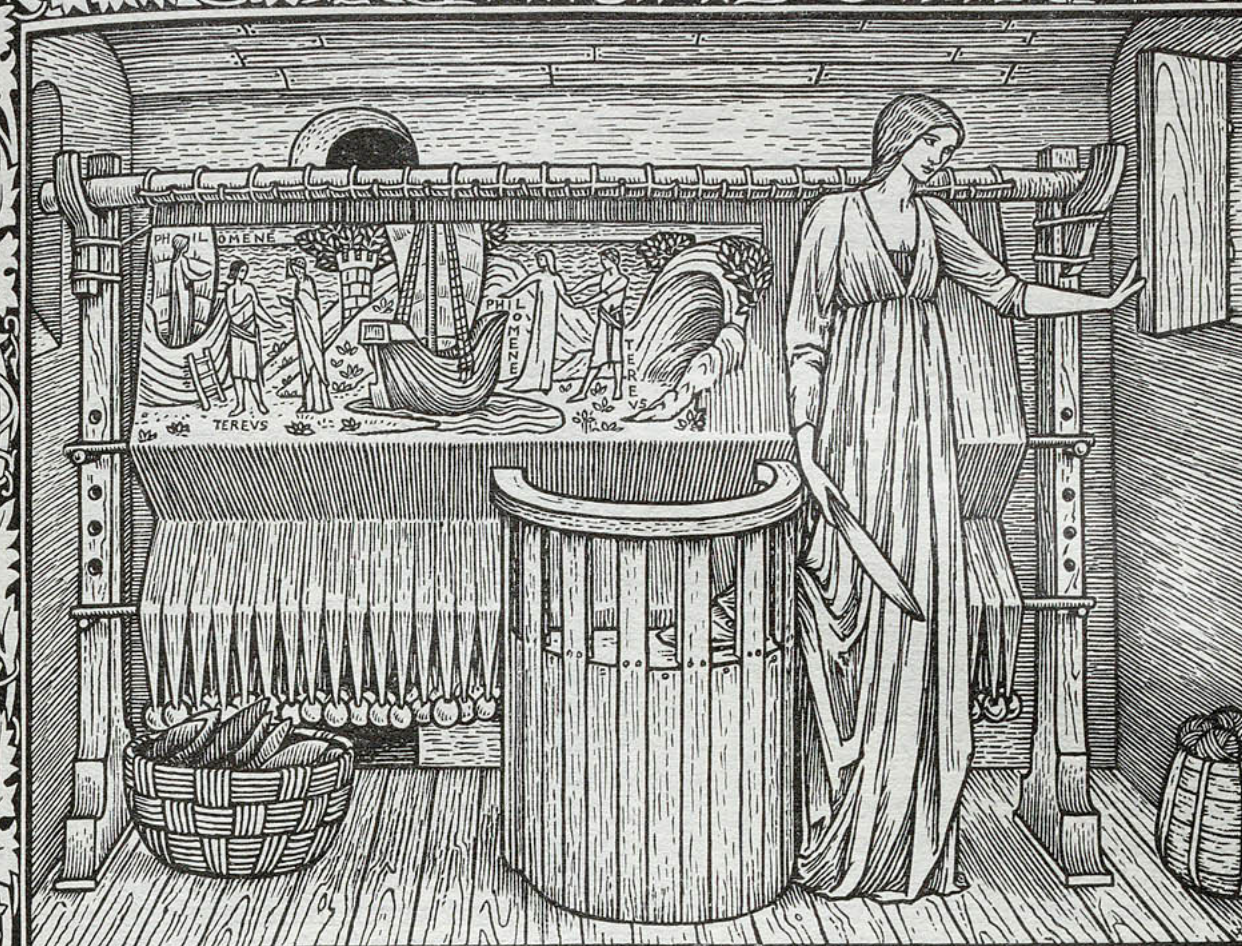




WE list no more to speke of him, parde;
Thise false lovers, poison be hir bane!
But I wol turne again to Adriane
That is with stepe for werinesse a take.
ful sorwefully her herte may awake.
Alas! for thee my herte hath now pite!
Right in the dawening awaketh she,
And gropeth in the bedde, and fond right
nogh.

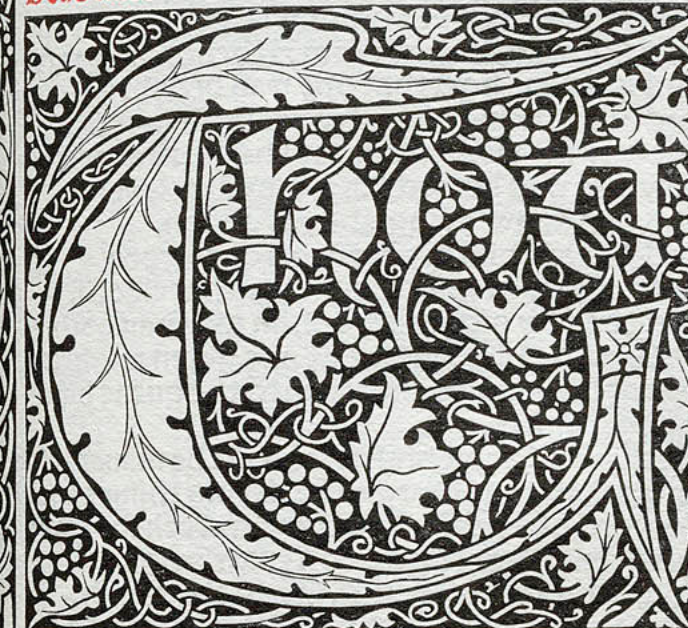
Allas! quod she, that ever I was wrought!
I am betrayed! and her heer torente,
And to the stronde barfot faste she wente,
And cryed: Theseus! myn herte swete!
Wher be ye, that I may nat with yow mete,
And mighte thus with bestes been yslain?
The holwe rokkes answerde her again;
No man she saw, and yit shyned the
mone,
And hye upon a rokke she wente sone,
And saw his barge sailing in the see.
Cold wex her herte, and right thus seide she:
Mekere than ye finde I the bestes wilde!
Hadde he nat sinne, that her thus begylde?
She cryed: O turne again, for routhe and
sinne!
Thy barge hath nat al his meiny inne!
Her kerchev on a pole up stikked she,
Ascaunce that he sholde hit wel ysee,

And him remembre that she was behinde,
And turne again, and on the stronde her finde.
But al for noght; his wey he is ygoon.
And down she fil aswown upon a stoon;
And up she rist, and histe, in al her care,
The steppes of his feet, ther he hath fare,
And to her bedde right thus she spekethe tho:
Thou bed, quod she, that hast receyved two,
Thou shalt answer of two, and nat of oon!
Wher is thy gretter part away ygoon?
Alas! wher shal I, wrecched wight, become!
for, though so be that ship or boot heer come,
Doom to my contree dar I nat for drede;
I can myselven in this cas nat rede!
WHAT shal I telle more her com-
pleining?
Hit is so long, hit were an hevvy
thing.
In her epistle Naso telleth al;
But shortly to the ende I telle shal.
The goddes have her holpen, for pitee;
And, in the signe of Taurus, men may see
The stones of her coroun shyne clere.
WOL no more speke of this matere;
But thus this false lover can begyle
his trewe love. The devil quyte him his
whyte!
Explicit Legenda Adriane de Athenes.



INCIPIT LEGENDA PHILOMENE.

Deus dator formarum.



PHYVER OF THE FORMES, THAT HAST
wrought
The faire world, and bare hit in thy thought
Eternally, or thou thy werk began,
Why madest thou, unto the slaundre of man,
Or, al be that hit was not thy doing,

As for that fyn to make swiche a thing,
Why suffrest thou that Cereus was bore,
That is in love so fals and so forswore,
That, fro this world up to the firste hevne,
Corrupteth, whan that folk his name nevene?
And, as to me, so grisly was his dede,
That, whan that I his foule story rede,
Myn eyen wexen foule and sore also;
Yit last the venim of so longe ago,
That hit enfecteth him that wol beholde
The story of Cereus, of which I tolde.
Off Trace was he lord, and kin to Marte,
The cruel god that stant with bloody
darte;
And wedded had he, with a blisful chere,
King Pandiones faire doghter dere,
That highte Progne, flour of her contree,
Thogh Juno list nat at the feste be,
Ne Ymeneus, that god of wedding is;
But at the feste redy been, ywis,
The furies three, with alle hir mortel bond.
The owle al night aboute the balkes wond,
That prophet is of wo and of mischaunce.
This revel, ful of songe and ful of daunce,
Lasteth a fourtenight, or litel lasse.
But, shortly of this story for to passe,